

[Like a Damn Princess](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Genre: F/M, Face-Sitting, Femdom, Light Dom/sub, even when she's on the bottom she's on top, yen is on top ok

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Relationships: Geralt z Rivii | Geralt of Rivia/Yennefer z Vengerbergu | Yennefer of Vengerberg

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Summary:

Never let it be said that Geralt of Rivia was above begging—the one contingency of it happening, though, was that he was naked and at the mercy of one sorceress Yennefer.

An extension of the Things that happened at Kaer Morhen.

Like a Damn Princess

Author's Note:

I'm really sorry bc I kinda forgot how to write straight people so uhhhh have fun.

Sometimes idk what i'm doing so it just turns into sass

They rushed up the stairs, in the perfect, bubbly stage of tipsiness, Yennefer actually *giggling* as she darted off ahead of him, and for a moment, it was like the tension had escaped the keep with Uma and Vesemir. Geralt's grin was sharp, the kind that Dandelion would describe as "wolfish" and then write three more ballads inspired by his own turn of phrase. Sneaking away from a party with Yen's hand in his, pulling him insistently forward, had him giddy like he was young again, like he hadn't just passed up his ninetieth turn around the sun some while ago.

Yennefer stole a kiss just outside the door, her lips pressed to the corner of his mouth, and when she pulled him in by the chain of his medallion and kissed him again, Geralt had to reach behind her back to open the door. He kept her from falling backwards through it, but even her stumbling was graceful, catching herself on the heel of her boot and using the momentum to pull him through the door with her. He kicked it shut behind them.

"We're in a castle full of Witchers," Geralt said quietly, mouth to her ear, his hand placed firmly on the small of her back. "One of them is going to hear us."

"I suppose you didn't think of this when you agreed to my 'sneak off and make love' proposal," Yennefer said, arching an eyebrow at him and doing her best to look reproachful, despite the fact that she had taken one of her gloves off and dropped it to the floor already, and was unbuttoning the other.

"I'm just saying." His fingers reached for the buttons on her jacket, anyway, working around hers when she tugged open the tie on the fur shawl the

wore to stave off the cold that was already tingeing the air around Kaer Morhen.

“And I give little care to whether or not those two know what we’ve been up to.” She unfastened the belts holding on his armor and let the pauldrons drop to the floor with a heavy thump and the ring of chainmail against stone. She knew all the catches to his armor by now, but he had no idea how the fastenings to her clothes worked—a testament to which one of them actually kept up with the fashion of the times. He found this out when he tried to push the jacket off her shoulders and realized she was wearing a belt, which he unwound from around her waist while she unlaced his armor at his sides.

Stripped down to her white shirt, she let him step back and remove his leathers and the padding under his chainmail while she unbuckled her boots at the knees. “You know, this would be faster if I simply undressed with magic,” she said, kicking her boots off and taking a step back to watch him do the same.

“Yeah,” he said, “but then I wouldn’t get to do this.” He tugged her in by her shirttails to receive a chagrined huff, then pulled her shirt up over her head, hands moving carefully to make certain it didn’t catch on her hair. She obligingly lifted her arms so he could pull it off, and as soon as she’d tossed the shirt over her head, she grabbed his shoulders and reached behind his neck to unfasten his medallion. She placed the medallion into his palm instead of dropping it on the pile of clothing at their feet, and his fingers curled around it.

“I am not taking that thing to the face again.”

Geralt couldn't begrudge her that, and so he hung the medallion around the hilt of one of his swords, propped up against a bench. He heard Yen step toward him, but thought nothing of it, that is, until she slapped him on the ass, to which he responded with a noise that would have embarrassed him thoroughly in front of anyone but Yen.

She was laughing, fingers to her mouth, hiding the curve of her smile. “I could hardly restrain myself.”

He turned on his heel and growled, not that it would intimidate her, taking her waist in one hand and her cheek in his other, aligning his lips to hers in an effort to remind himself just how well she kissed. It was dizzying to kiss her again, especially so when he realized it was the first time since telling her he loved her that they were going to sleep together.

Although, maybe the dizziness was just the vodka.

It was, Geralt had been told, a blessing to be with someone as long as he had been with Yennefer, and he agreed in part. He was certainly grateful to have known her long enough that she knew all of his preferred pleasures, that she knew he liked it when she nipped at his bottom lip and when she tugged on his hair.

She also knew how to deny them until he was begging on his knees for her, and she stepped back after kissing him, snapped her fingers and her leggings vanished, no awkwardly bending over to pull them off, just a steady melting away to reveal the black lace on her panties. “Don’t tear these ones off,” she ordered him, holding up a finger as though that would hold him off (it would).

“Admit it, that got you hot.”

“Only until I remembered how much it would cost to get them replaced,” she said.

He shook his head, while she stepped forward and tugged open the ties on his trousers. “Fine. I’ll take them off with my hands this time, no tearing involved.”

She nodded, apparently pleased with the arrangement, and rested her hands on his hips, standing on her tiptoes to kiss him. He buried his hands in her hair, the curls fitting between his fingers, the sweet scent of her shampoo and the perfume she wore at the nape of her neck sticking to his palms. “I love you,” he said when she pulled back, leaning his forehead against hers.

“I love you too,” she replied, “now strip. And lie down, would you?”

“You gonna order me around all night?”

“Only because you like it so much.”

Damn. He did.

He obeyed her orders, stripping out of his remaining clothes and lying back on the collection of furs on the ground (because the bed was currently on the bottom of the river), propped up on his elbows so he could watch her approach him, stalking like a cat, like she was hunting him. It made his heart pound faster. As she stepped forward, her underthings disappeared in a shimmer of blue light, and she was left only in her choker, which she unclasped and dropped safely on top of the pile of her clothes.

“Stop pouting. It’s more convenient this way,” she said, when she got a look at his face.

“And it would’ve been more convenient to do this in a bed, except you threw that out the window,” Geralt said, to which she sighed audibly and folded her arms, still taking slow, deliberate steps toward him.

“You have *got* to stop chiding me about that,” she said, but he could see the curl at the corner of her lips.

“Come here.”

She sat herself astride him, throwing one leg over his hips, and he caught her with one hand on her thigh and the other on her knee, worrying for a moment, as he always did, that his callouses would catch on her smooth skin like they would on silk. They did not—his hands slid over her body with gentleness, familiarity, and the knowledge that he could do nothing to truly offend her.

“New scars?” She traced her fingers over them, a trail of claw marks low on his right hip.

“Griffon,” he said, by way of explanation. She reached up, her fingers resting on a different scar, the bite marks on his neck—the scar amused

Yennefer because she thought it looked like a love bite gone wrong. It was a favorite of hers. She also liked lamenting the one on his ass (it was a lot of “what kind of beast would dare ruin such a perfect ass?” and “whatever was it like dealing with that wound? Could you not sit?”), but at the moment, she couldn’t see it.

“Hmm,” she intoned, looking down on him like she was trying to decide what to do with him. He only hoped she decided quickly, because he wanted nothing more than to have her, but he would not move until she did. It was a waiting game, one that was only broken off when Yennefer moved forward, her knee digging into Geralt’s shoulder and pushing him back onto the bed. “I suppose you shall start by putting your mouth to use.”

She said it not like a demand, but like a statement of fact, as though she was commanding a Lodge meeting or simply like she was commanding Geralt—she certainly enjoyed that one more. And who was he to deny her decrees, especially when they involved her sitting astride her chest and him grabbing her ass, pulling her closer so he could get his mouth on her.

Yen giggled at the first touch of his lips to her skin, and he knew then that she was still at least a little tipsy. He grinned, then dragged his thumbs through the folds of her cunt, spreading her open, then pulling back, teasing her. He could smell her, and it wasn’t just her perfume this time. Rich and heady, the scent nearly made his mouth water. He’d never understood men who disliked this act.

“Do get on with it,” she said, and he drew his smirk closed and kissed her cunt the same way he’d kiss her lips, except that this was sloppier, dirtier, and he flattened his tongue to her, tipped his chin to drag it along the length of her sex, ears tuned for her soft moans of pleasure from above him. He could barely hear it over the noise of her heartbeat.

He repeated the motion, over and over until she started to roll her hips against his mouth, eager for him the way he was always eager for her. He was getting hard, but he couldn’t touch himself, not with Yen in his hands, in his mouth. He felt her nails as her fingers carded through his hair, felt the way the muscles in her thighs clenched. She pushed on his forehead, forcing him to tip his head up so that his lips were on her clit. Demanding.

He loved it. He sucked on her clit until she arched her back and pushed against him even harder, and he put his hand on her back to feel the shape of her spine as it curved.

“That’s it,” she said, her voice more breath than words, “that’s good. Good boy.”

He pulled back for a second and smiled, then traced the point of his tongue around her clit. He tipped his head up a little so he could kiss her belly. “Want me to make you come?”

“If you find yourself able.”

When he went back down on her, it was with a smirk. He doubled his effort, focusing his attention on her clit, repeating any action that made her breath hitch or make her moan. He secured his arms around her waist, so she couldn’t take over, and it worked for a while, until she shoved his hands up above his head and rode his face, taking her pleasure from him and *gods*, it made him want to scream, made him want to *fuck her*. But she’d not let him, not until she was satisfied, and he wanted to satisfy her.

He moaned against her cunt, and she sighed above him, pleased, so he did it again. She still had his hands in a vice grip above his head, one of her hands gripping both his wrists, nails digging in just on the edge of a scar from a sword that had cut straight through his gauntlets. Certainly, he could overpower her, could get away if he tried, but he would not. He let her take her fill of him.

Geralt closed his mouth to one of her rolling thrusts and her breath hitched. “Well, I suppose that’s one thing your beard is good for,” she said, and he huffed a laugh that was lost against the skin of her inner thigh and let her roll back against his tongue the next time.

In the end, he couldn’t be sure whether it was him making her come or her bringing her own orgasm down on herself, but all he knew was that he could feel it, imminent and enticing, in his mouth. She always did go dripping wet when she was about to come. Her fingers tightened around his

wrist, opposite hand threaded in his hair, holding him exactly where she wanted him, and all he wanted was to be *exactly* where she wanted him.

He glanced up as though he'd actually be able to see her face when she came, but it was impossible, she had leaned too far forward for it, but the view he got—the curve of her belly, the undersides of her breasts, the ends of her hair hanging down—was pretty damn great.

Even if she hadn't sighed his name, that soft, "*oh*, Geralt," that meant he was doing something incredibly well, he would've known she was coming from the tension in her thighs, the way she nearly cut off the circulation in his wrists before going slack against him. She was still soaking wet and her cunt left a slick-mark on his chest when she leaned back, looking very pleased with him. He was pleased himself, and he was going to smell like her for *days*. Not just her perfume, either, he was going to smell like Yennefer and sex and it was going to drive Lambert mad with jealousy later, but he'd have to deal with his misdirected rage when he came to that particular bridge.

"It looks as though I have properly debauched you," she said, trailing her fingertips over his lips (still wet), his beard (still the same), and his chest (now matching), right up to the place where she was sitting astride him.

"Not completely," he said, and she gave a cursory and unnecessary glance over her shoulder. Of fucking course he was hard.

"Whatever am I going to do with you." She tutted like she was actually thinking, like she didn't have a complete plan of how exactly the night was going to go from the start.

"Anything, Yen, do anything to me."

"Anything?"

"Well." He frowned. "Don't stick your fingers up my ass again."

Her lips curled into a smile, but it was the unpleasant kind, the one that meant she was going to tease the white out of his hair. "If you're so intent

on telling me what you want, I shall wait right here until I have you begging.”

Years ago, he would have refused, would’ve pouted at her and bitched about it, but now he knew how much she truly enjoyed having him pleading under her, and how she didn’t mind a bit that he got off on it just as much as she did.

Never let it be said that Geralt of Rivia was above begging—the one contingency of it happening, though, was that he was naked and at the mercy of one sorceress Yennefer.

She began to tease him, lying on her side next to him and ordering him not to move, running a single fingertip over the outline of his every scar, quicker, as always, over the ones he’d been given while she was watching. Her fingers followed the lines of his ribs, the shapes of his muscles, and the flare of his hipbones, but she avoided his cock, giving him an indulgent smile when he looked at her as though he actually thought she was going to touch him there. It went on for a good while, too, until he went from, “c’mon, Yen, just do it already,” to, “please, fuck, please, I’ll do anything if you’d just—“ and then, she fixed him with a perfectly crooked smile and rolled onto her side.

“Well, then?”

“Gonna make me do all the work?”

“That was my intention,” she said, and he was already rolling so he could cover her body with his, kissing the crook of her neck, lips firm on perfumed skin and scattered freckles. She was warm, and her hair spilled across his pillows like an upturned bottle of ink. He spared no time in entering her, and with her cunt still slick from orgasm and her body open and ready for him, the slide in was smooth and hot and *perfect*, particularly when she dragged his head down so she could kiss him.

Witchers were rumored to possess inexhaustible sexual stamina, but Geralt knew for a fact that such rumors were bullshit. Yennefer was more than a match for him, and he wasn’t going to last long.

Yennefer put an arm around his neck, holding him to her, and he kept kissing her until she pushed his head to the side, tossed her hair out of the way so he could get at her neck. She was even paler than he was (and he was the White Wolf, so that was saying something), and his kiss marks stood out bright and red against her skin. Her clothes would hide them in the morning, but he knew she liked having them, liked remembering the feeling of his lips and his teeth on her.

He fucked her fast and hard—there would be time for slow and sweet when they got to round two (he'd promised her three hours. There was going to be a round two), making broken-off noises into the curve of her shoulder all the while. People knew more about Geralt's now-legendary sexual prowess than he would've liked—he had Dandelion to thank for that—but few people knew exactly how loud he could be. It was unexpected, after all, he was a quiet man, but there were things Yennefer could do to him that would make him *scream*.

And this was excluding screams of frustration.

Yennefer's legs crossed around his waist and he let out a harsh, sharp noise that single-handedly sealed the whole “they're gonna hear us downstairs” thing. Her hands gripped his biceps, probably because she liked to feel his muscles flexing as he shifted, curving his spine so he could kiss a line down her sternum. “I love you,” he said, his voice reduced to a dry scrape.

“You must be close, to have gotten all the way to romance,” she said, and she wasn't wrong.

“I'm a—fuck—a great romantic, *ah!*, what are you talking about?”

When he looked up at her, he was certain the curve of her smile matched his exactly.

“Well, then. If you'd please do away with any... hmm,” she sighed softly, “any urge to hold back.”

“Yeah?” His face was buried in the crook of her neck again, his hands on her hips, if only to hold her steady against the force of his thrusts—an

unnecessary action, in any case.

“Come for me, Geralt.”

If he had the breath to do so, he would’ve remarked that it was a little stupid to tell him to come on command like that, but he was busy obeying her order despite himself.

Every time he and Yennefer made love, there would always be that moment, that one time where, if he could, he would linger forever. Coincidentally, it was almost always the moment he was coming inside her, her teeth in his neck and his eyes rolled up, or closed so tightly he couldn’t see anything but stars. His heart hammered like it was trying to split his ribs open and escape (anatomically impossible thought it may have been), and his breath shoved out of his lungs in one sharp, bitten-off cry.

Objectively, he knew it was nothing unique to him, he was a man in love with a woman, and such love had been consummated by thousands of others since time started ticking, but.

He couldn’t help but let everything fade for a minute.

When he came back down, his ears were fuzzy like he’d gone too high up, too fast, and Yennefer was prodding him in the shoulder. “You’re heavy,” she said, “if you would remove your bulk from my person.”

He made an unintelligible noise that probably sounded grumpy but was actually a result of him being quite pleased, and rolled off of her. “Sorry,” he mumbled, his nose pressed to her shoulder. He glanced up at her and hoped he looked suitably sheepish.

He must have, because she waved his apology off. “If I minded having a large man on top of me, I would not share a bed with you. You roll about in your sleep.”

“No I don’t.”

“You do, though.”

He sighed, his breath condensing on a patch of her skin. “Come here.” An arm around her waist, her leg thrown over his side, a kiss. Geralt had always been a fan of the afterglow. She kissed him long and slow, the both of them loose-limbed and lazy, and his fingers played with the hair at the nape of her neck.

“Love you, Yen.” He mumbled it against her lips, quiet enough that no one else would hear, Witcher senses or otherwise.

“That’s the third time tonight, I think,” she said.

He thought back. “Yeah, you’re right.”

Her nose crinkled and a dimple folded into the corner of her cheeks. “And I love you, Witcher.”

She rolled them so she was atop him now, kissed him once more. “Again? Already?” he asked, hands tracing the length of her body.

“No, silly. I’m cold.” She stood, going to get a blanket from the other side of the room, and he groaned as he sat up, the floor doing nothing for his old battle wounds despite the furs piled up on it.

“I’ll put another log on the fire.”

He did as he said, and leaned one forearm against the fireplace, staring for a second before turning to look at her. Damn, she was always a sight, but now, in particular, he was struck silent by her. Eyes focused on him, hair somehow still not mussed even after fucking, most of her hidden behind the blanket she had draped over her shoulders, but she wore the bare strip of skin down the middle unselfconsciously. Her lips were redder than usual—it was his doing.

He should have said something, should have told her she was beautiful, should have laughed or flirted or said he loved her for the fourth time, but he was breathless before her, even more so when she dropped the blanket as quickly as she’d put it on.

When she came to him, he lifted her with practiced ease, smiled because he knew she liked that. Not long, and the two of them were laid out on the furs again, tangling together like it was the first time all over again.

Ah, well. They'd have time for slow and sweet come round three.

Author's Note:

I mean, most of everything from me is and will continue to be Dragon Age, but if you want to see my tumblr, it's @luddlestons. NSFW is @seldula.